We tooke this Mattocke and this ſpade from him,
As he was comming from this Churchyard ſide.
Chiefe W. A great ſuſpicion, ſtay the Frier too.
Enter Prince.
Prin. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our mornings reſt?
Enter Capulet *and his Wife.*
Ca. What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the ſtreet cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Prin. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?
Watch. Soveraigne, here lyes the County *Paris* ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warme and new kill'd.
Prin. Search, ſeeke, and know how this foule murder comes.
Watch. Here is a Frier, and ſlaughtred *Romeo's* man,
With inſtruments upon them fit to open
Theſe dead mens tombes.
Cap. O heaven! O wife! looke how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'ne, for lo his houſe
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is miſheathed in my daughters boſome.
Wi. O me, this ſight of death is as a Bell,
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſonne and heire now early downe.
Moun. Alas my Liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my ſonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath;
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?
Prin. Looke and thou ſhalt ſee.
Mou. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſſe before thy father to a grave?
Pri. Seale up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;

And then will I be
And lead you even
And let miſchance b
Bring forth the parti
Fri. I am the grea
Yet moſt ſuſpected,
Doe make againſt me
And here I ſtand, bo
My ſelfe condemne
Pri. Then ſay at on
Fri. I will be briefe
Is not ſo long as is a
Romeo there dead w
And ſhe there dead
I married them, and
Was *Tibalts* doom
Baniſht the new mad
For whom, and not
You, to remove that
Betroth'd, and woul
To County *Paris*.
And with wild looke
To rid her from this
Or in my Cell there
Then gave I her (ſo t
A ſleeping potion, w
As I intended; for i
The forme of death
That he ſhould hithe
To helpe to take her
Being the time the p
But he which bore
Was ſtayed by accid
Return'd my letter
At the prefixed hou
Came I to take her f
Meaning to keepe h